

The Qc Quarterly

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Maladies**

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QC Science Labs™

And Much Much More!

All the art that's fit to paint.



EDITOR'S NOTE

Gone painting.

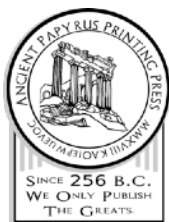
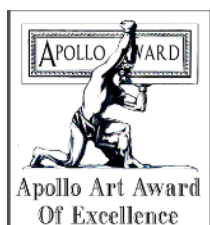


Mike Rome, QC Quarterly Editor

AWARDS & PRIZES



Our unwavering commitment towards excellence in the fields of art, literature, and entertainment is self-evident. *It's only tasteless when it looks easy.*



A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

UNCLE BILLY "BUCK" BANKS



"Go Get Rock" is a beguiling game to play with any unsuspecting mind. It precipitates undue madness and despair. It goes like this: "Go get me a rock", instructs your superior. You do as you are told. You bring back a rock. Then you are told it is the wrong rock—and to go get another. You go get another. Once again it is the wrong rock. The game is played indefinitely until the twelfth of never when the cows come home.

Your overlord is a haunting figure. There is no pleasing him. But you persist. The specter maligns you. He is either buried deep and dead or stirs maliciously within the sinews of your own sullied self. It's only within you to end this ceaseless cycle of *Go Get Rock*.

Fortunately, we at the *QC Quarterly* have a formidable understanding of mental delirium and paranormals. Most distinctly, having recently purchased this issue we can now reveal that you bought the wrong one. So go get the next. It's the next issue that we want you to get. And then and only then will we tell you, with all certainty, that you bought the wrong one, again. Meanwhile, know, for no apparent reason, for no explanation, that you chose the wrong one. You're a clod head. A total disappointment. A born loser. There will be no ice cream for you tonight!

Now go, and spend more money on us! We need the revenue. It's not often we can coerce anyone to both read *and* buy this rag.



J. K. Bryans

THE READING ROOM

A certain old woman, out of excessive curiosity, fell out of a window, plummeted to the ground, and was smashed to bits.

Another old woman leaned out of the window and began looking at the remains of the first, but she also, out of excessive curiosity, fell out of the window, plummeted to



the ground and was smashed to bits.

Then a third old woman plummeted from the window, then a fourth, then a fifth.

By the time a sixth old woman plummeted down I was fed up watching them and went off to Mal'tsevsky Market where, it was said, a knitted shawl had been given to a certain blind man.

—*The Plummeting Old Women*
by Daniil Kharms.



FEIGNS THE RAVEN



There once was an artist who had no brushes or paints. Nor did he have any paper, so he was called the Old Master, speculatively.

He could not paint since he had no eyes to see; nor did he have any

fingers or thumbs to wield a brush.

He had no canvases or boards; no pencils or pens; no charcoal or crayons—not even an ounce of ink to make the slightest mark.

He had nothing at all that a painter would have! So there is no conjuring up an artist that we are talking about. In fact it is better we say nothing more about him at all.

ASK ANGRY BRUSH



Dear Angry Brush,

A dead woman sits in my art studio looking most uncordial but quite alive—except her coloring is rather green, and one eye is completely open while the other is fully shut. *What to do?* —Spoiling Fast

Dear Spoiling Fast,

Firstly, be polite. Ask her to leave looking at her in her one good eye.

Dear Angry Brush,

My doddering wife has taken to picking up leaves in the roadway. One by one from dawn 'til dusk she picks and never paints. *What to do?* —Autumn Cometh

Dear Autumn Cometh,

It is worrying matter. At least the asphalt looks nice.

Dear Angry Brush,

As a nude model I wear a merkin in deference to my mother who denigrates my walk of life. She claims only sickos attend figure drawing classes. *What to do?* —Wigged Out

Dear Wigged Out,

Kindly tell, where else do you walk in life?

Dear Angry Brush,

A certain nude woman stands in the corner whenever I paint. She disappears then reappears, never making eye contact or ever offering me her name. *What to do?* —Dejected

Dear Dejected,

Consider a figure drawing class. Sometimes they talk to you there.



GENERAL INFORMATION

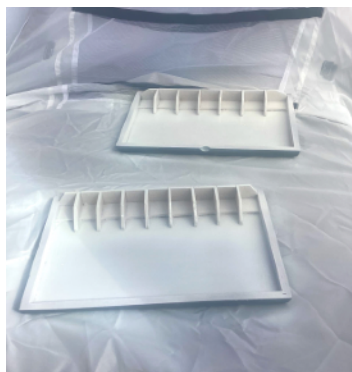
Membership in the *Quite Content Watercolor Society (QCWS)* requires a candidate to undergo the *Great 28 Day Painting Challenge*, where each day a painting is painted for twenty-eight straight days. Upon completion the artist is then juried in based on whether we like you or not. @Copyright 2023; All rights reserved.

The Quite Content Quarterly relies extensively on the generosity of Wikipedia, Archive.Org, and OpenLibrary.Org to bring you the most obscure information possible. Please support each. A few bucks goes a long ways to keep the arts alive.

Contacting us is ill advised. Yet, if you feel compelled to do so, write to us at: GoneFishingAndPainting@gmail.com.



HOMESPUN PAINTBOXES BY HORACE RATHBONE



A STORY OF CONSUMING MALADIES

HOMESPUN PAINTBOXES

Under the bed were two Brazilian cigar boxes made in Mexico. Being in remarkably fine shape I had rescued both from demolition for some future unknown purpose that would eventually present itself. Years passed. My smoking habit subsided; my breathing cleared; and while waiting for a new hip I learned to paint.

After being cured of a viral infection that turned septic following an intensive root canal resulting from years of poor dental hygiene while smoking, I searched under the bed for fallen pills to coincidentally rediscover the wooden cigar boxes—patiently waiting to be repurposed.

The pain and swelling is unbearable after a spider bite. The front two fangs of a Black Widow inflict an injury unequal to any ordinary spider. The Black Widow is immune from being smashed to bits by any shoe, book, or wooden plank. The cigar boxes proved equally ineffective. Her displeasure at being displaced from house and home was demonstrably expressed by her unyielding stance and aggressive overtures. Eventually I coerced her into the open, then took the hammer and smashed her to bits.

Standard wooden stir sticks are basis for prodigiously versatile trappings. Stir sticks can be cut to form shapes for larger things under construction. While searching for a flashlight, reading glasses, and tweezers, the newly embedded sliver under my fingernail throbbed insufferably. Instead of yanking it out with ease, I embedded it even deeper to inflict even more excruciating pain.



Eventually I yanked it out, then took the hammer and smashed it to bits.

Once fully assembled, wood glue fully dry, glossy white enamel paint is thinly applied in three separate layers to finish the paintboxes—which we've been discussing all along. The sealant must properly cure before filling the wells with watercolor paints. Eventually if either box proves unfit for painting, then take the hammer and smash them to bits.



BRUSHES AHOY IN LA CELLE-SAINT-CLOUD

TRAVELS OF CANDICE DUCREUX

Arriving at Charles De Gaulle

airport, we are whisked away into the beautiful Parisian outskirts to the picturesque village of La Celle-Saint-Cloud, opposite the turn to Chateau de Versailles. There we meet our painting instructor, Pierre Sagnier. He is well known in provincial France. His classes are filled and booked well in advance.

It promises to be a splendid week of outdoor painting—absent all weather maladies that are common this time of year. I arrived early at our morning painting sight of—situated along the winding river Seine. The day could not be more beautiful.

While surveying my accompaniment of Cadmiums, Quins, Phthalos, and Azos, a local woman suddenly came running into our encampment and took to one of the chairs. She set down her shopping bag of limes, cheese, and arugula, adjusted her silk scarf, then promptly died, clutching the easel before her. Her dog ran off yelping, never to be seen again.

Pierre was naturally horrified. The police were called. An ambulance arrived. The class grew anxious.

Inspector Sibour asked to see the body of the painter. Pierre diligently explained that no painter had died; the body was that of a local woman from the village. “No, no”, Inspector Sibour spat, “We were summoned because a painter had died. We have come for a painter.” Again, Pierre explained that no painter had died, but the inspector was having none of it.

“She’ll do”, Inspector Sibour ordered. His two sergeants grabbed the painter seated next to me. Her feet never

touched the ground as they dangled her into the ambulance and drove off. Unresolved was the dead woman still clutching the easel before her.

By this time all twelve seats in the painting class were filled. This included the seat of the dead woman still clutching the easel before her.

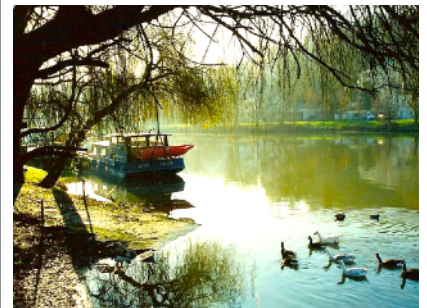
About then Simone Parat arrived—a woman twenty times denied a spot in Pierre’s painting classes. She surfaced to see if any seats might be available. Pierre peered over his easel as Simone perused the class. She came to a halt. To some certain degree she recognized the dead woman from the market earlier that day. But what of the dog?

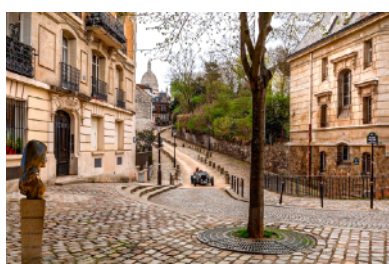
“Holy Joseph and all his woodworking friends!” She shrieked. “Who is the dead woman seated here clutching this easel?” Pierre remained silent. The class remained silent.

The dead woman retained a most genial look—except for an oxidized discoloration, head flung forward, and mouth gaping with dentures dangling to the left. Mindful, the silk scarf remained tidy as once arranged.

It was a most awkward moment for the group. Indeed, Simone could now be admitted into the painting class but no one wanted her.

About now townsfolk were gathering. A scandal was ensuing! They heard the commotion and came in flocks. The crowd was prepared to stand on toe to see the fuss. But then someone said an enraged artist had a hammer on Rue Jomard and was smashing paintboxes to bits. So the crowd scattered to go see the battering, and that was that.





THE MALADY AT RUE LEPIC

BY HORACE RATHBONE

Auguste Morisot and Laurent Sisley are two inseparable artists of the Montmartre district of Paris. They are like two old women, conjoined and codependent, unable to detach and unable to bond. But let no one stand between them. They will team together like two fierce dogs to tear anyone to bits.

Early each morning they ascend the Butte to claim the best spots to erect their easels where they paint portraits for eager tourists who pay their meager way in life.

Auguste will borrow a brush from Laurent while Laurent will borrow paint from Auguste. Auguste may need an extra canvas while Laurent needs gesso. It is an equitable affair that keeps both operating in body and spirit.

The nude model, Freda Valadon, lives along Rue Lepic of Montmartre. She is distinguished as being the only one who bitterly divides Auguste and Laurent. She is old and fat, but once was beautiful, and captivated the passions and loins of many artists.

It was on a Monday afternoon when Laurent barged into Freda's flat to find Auguste. Customarily, on Wednesdays Freda models for Auguste, then on Thursdays Freda models for Laurent. It is an equitable agreement that keeps each at peace. Only this week Auguste had a prior engagement and could not make Wednesday so they rescheduled for Monday. Except they neglected to tell Laurent.

A fight broke out. The police were called. An ambulance arrived. Freda was horrified.

Inspector Sibour asked Freda to identify the two men. "Who is who", he asked. "That is Auguste Morisot and that is Laurent Sisley", Freda explained. In the chaos she switched their identities. "Him", Inspector Sibour ordered. His two men grabbed Auguste. His feet never touched the ground as they dangled him into the ambulance and drove off.

This was not the first time Inspector Sibour had misinformed the precinct of inaccurate information while filing his reports. Not that it was his fault. How could he know Auguste from Laurent? How could he know the breed of dog that bit Madame Tertre from her erratic description? How could he know a wrecked Peugeot 205 from a wrecked Peugeot 306 when smashed to bits?

The inconsistencies were piling up. Chief Inspector Corot was having none of it. He summoned Sibour into his office to cut a swath.

"Bring what you are told to bring!" Chief Inspector Corot shouted. "Bring a wrecked Peugeot 306 when there is a wrecked Peugeot 306—not a Peugeot 205! Bring a biting German Shepard when you are told to bring a German Shepard! Bring the artist Laurent Sisley—not the artist Auguste Morisot! Follow your orders to the letter!"

About then a frantic report was handed to the Chief Inspector. It was of a dead woman still clutching an easel at a park in the outskirts of Paris. "There is a dead painter still clutching an easel at a park in the outskirts of Paris, Sibour. Go fetch me the painter, Sibour! Can you possibly handle that? A painter!"

THE QUEST FOR AQUARIUS II

A TALE OF MORE MALADIES

As **disinterested readers** grow ever more anxious for veracity to read, news arrives regarding doom of another casualty of art. Strathmore has ended production of Aquarius II watercolor paper. The fat lady has sung. Aquarius II is no more. Strathmore has smashed it to bits.

In recent years genuine Quinacridone Gold has vanished. Quinacridone Burnt Orange has disappeared. And Cadmium paints have been under siege by eco-activists who abhor that chemical element. Now Aquarius II paper has succumbed.



My dwindling stock fell to three sheets when panic set in. None of the national online art stores had any left. I set my sights on regional art stores. State after state, inquiry after inquiry, the search proved futile. Strathmore kindly confirmed my suspicions: Aquarius II was no more.

Two last resources were found. One in Nevada City that had seven sheets but did not ship. And the other in Minneapolis which possibly had a final lot of ten—if it still existed in their affiliated warehouse.

I placed my order. Anxiety set in. The paper arrived. I was out eight-five bucks.

Possibly in my possession is the last ten sheets of Aquarius II watercolor paper to be had. It belongs in a museum. Nevertheless, I will paint on every last sheet until the lot is gone.



Cadmium paints face similar demise. It's not the end of the world but you can see it from here. The whole aim of eco-activists is to keep the populace in a constant state of fever, sustained by a harrowing spate of crises, most of which being hyperbole.

The meager quantity sold of artists Cadmium paint amounts to dust compared to the world wide use and waste of Cadmium batteries. But easier to slay Tom Thumb than an implacable Philistine giant.

The response is *Cadmium-Hue* paint.



It is an enigma jammed into a tin can. It has no ASTM listing. No pigment information. No formula disclosure. It is a parody of student grade paint, and a professional grade paint, speculatively. It's a good tale that never tires in the telling.

VERSE

THE WASTE LAND

STANZAS 1-7, 14-17

t.s. eliot

1888-1965



April is the cruelest month,
breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land,
mixing
Memory and desire,
stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm,
covering
Earth in forgetful snow,
feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

My cousin's,
he took me out on a sled.
And I was frightened.
He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight.
And down we went.
In the mountains,
there you feel free.

AT GALLERY

"YUVACHEV"



ADS OF CONTRITION

HOW WE PAY THE BILLS



If it's not genuine Cadmium Red,
then it must be corked.



"Cadmium Red 'Hue'?"
"Oh no! Not for me!"

Horace Rathbone's Incredible Tales of Art



[Notes from the diary of B.B. Brown, 1911]

While exploring the upper gorges of the Indus river a sixty day deluge entrenched that region into unshakable submission. I became hopelessly lost from my grandfather's expedition. A sudden downpour followed by a cascading mudslide separated us. On the face of a precipice, drenched, cold, and hungry, I huddled among jagged rocks for safety, awaiting my corporeal fate.

Days past. Time lost all meaning. My vague memories are of waking in the presence of a deity. Refuge was a wayhouse perched high on a crag, intermixed within the weather and clouds below. The view was expansive. Few travel a path so high.

His name was Arjuna. He became my friend and mentor. Later, as I improved he introduced me to his three sons: *Sattva*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*. *Sattva* appeared calm, luminous, and enlightened. *Rajas* was restless, energetic, and passionate. And then there was *Tamas*—indolent, dull, and remiss. Their faces gave no measure of their age. I could not tell who was older.

Over the weeks my lungs improved and I gingerly limped on my badly twisted ankle. I spent many hours in the vapor caves recuperating. Arjuna's three sons were there to assist in varying degrees of support. Initially *Rajas* came more often, lending his vigor and vivacity. As I rallied *Sattva* spent more time with me, instilling serenity and self assurance. With these two forces at my side my strength

propelled forward. Seldom did I see *Tamas*. His presence only brought doubt and despair. I disliked him immensely.

When the time came to bid farewell I looked for Arjuna's three sons. Only then did I learn there was just the one—the *Guna* within me.

Arjuna explained: "*Guna* is the *self* within each of us. It is immutable and transcends through the *Wheel of Life*—the cycle of rebirth and death. *Guna* contains all three forces—*Sattva*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*. Our individual reasoning and deeds resonate based on our infinitely unique *Gunas*. These forces vary in measure and degree. It is your *Guna* that guides you through life.

"So now you must shape your life towards higher virtues. This is the object of life. First, abandon *Tamas's* indolence for *Rajas's* passionate energy. Then direct *Rajas's* energy into *Sattva's* purity and calmness. This knowledge will transcend you beyond the endless cycle of the *Wheel of Life* to perfection and everlasting purity. All sages know this as sacred wisdom. Now go and practice these simple things."

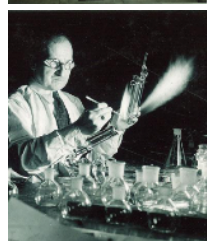
I descended down and along the precipice, heading north and beyond. The sixty day deluge had ended. Walking into each village I expected nothing—asked for nothing. I simply conveyed my story and generosity bestowed upon me. Food, shelter, and safety was all I needed. For seven years I journeyed through India this way. And in my knapsack Arjuna placed the *Bhagavad Gita* to enlighten me through every straight and every turn.

QC SCIENCE LABS

ON SIZING GLUES



QC Science Labs™



QC Science Labs™



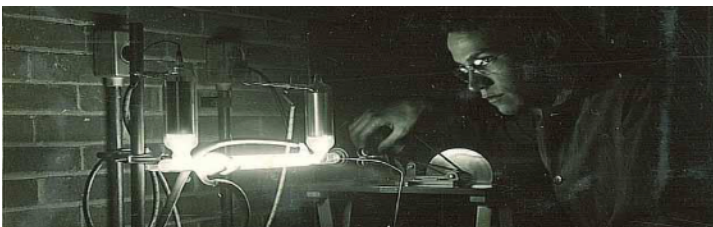
If **animal glues are used** as a sizing material on watercolor painting support, artists should consider the following:

- Glues respond readily to changes in temperature and humidity. Animal glues will shrink as humidity drops, and swell and soften when humidity rises. These changes lead to delamination and flaking of the overlying ground and paint layers and to planar deformations in the support.
- Animal glue size should be used with a rigid support (or a canvas adhered to a rigid support) as the rigidity mitigates the expansion and contraction of the size layer.
- Glues tend to form fairly rigid and brittle films and should not be applied too thickly to supports. 2-3 coats of dilute size are preferable to one thick layer of glue.
- The surface of the support should be sanded after each coat of glue size with the exception of the final coat.
- Animal glue sizes are not recommended for use with acrylic ground/paint systems. They are compatible with glue-based grounds (e.g., true gesso, chalk) and oil and alkyd paint systems.¹

Animal glues are produced from a wide range of animal tissues (e.g., hides, bones, etc.). Animal glues can be dissolved in hot water and applied as a warm, liquid solution.²

Older artist manuals suggest the addition of alum to harden animal glues and make them less water soluble. This is no longer recommended as it tends to make the glue overly brittle. Weak solutions of formaldehyde were also applied to tan the glue. Artists should strictly avoid formaldehyde as it has been shown to be a significant health hazard.³

^{1,2,3} The Department of Art Conservation, University of Delaware, Newark, DE.



POETRY

Li Bai
701-762

WAITING FOR WINE THAT DOESN'T COME

Jade winejars tied in blue silk...
What's taking that wineseller so long?

Mountain flowers smiling, taunting me,
It's the perfect time to sip some wine,

Ladle it out beneath my east window
at dusk, wandering orioles back again.

Spring breezes and their drunken guest:
today, we were meant for each other.

AT HSIEH T'IAO'S HOUSE

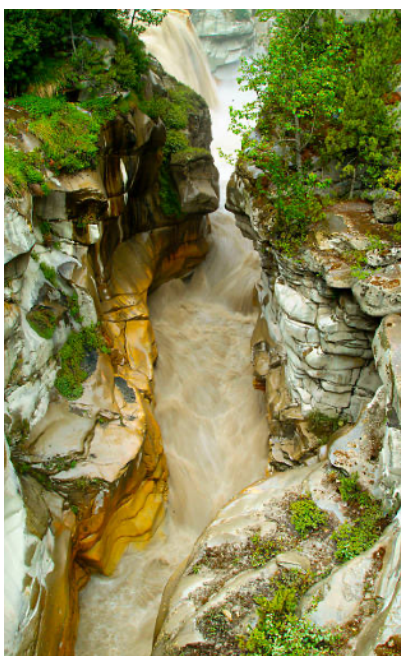
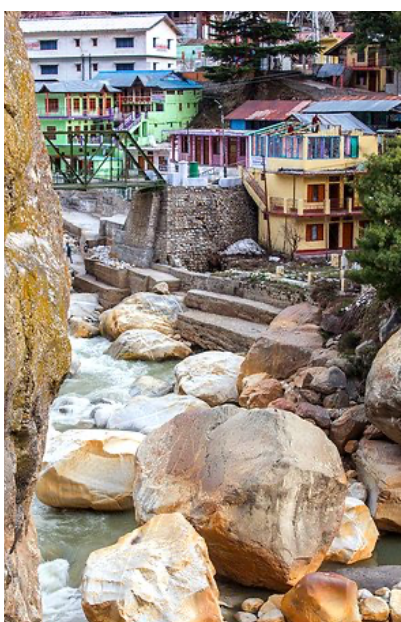
A lingering, Ch'ing Mountain sun sinks.
It's all silence at Hsieh T'iao's home now:

Sounds of people among bamboo gone,
the moon mirrored white in a pool empty.

Dry grasses fill the deserted courtyard.
Green moss shrouds the forgotten well.

Nothing stirs but the clarity of breezes,
playing mid-stream across water and stone.

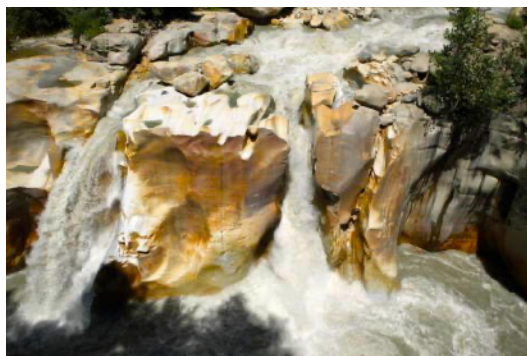




Losing Teeth

by Han Yu (768-824)

Last year a tooth dropped, this year another one,
 then six or seven went fast, and the falling is not going to stop.
 All the rest are loose, and it will end when they are all gone.
 I remember when I lost the first, I felt ashamed of the gap.
 When two or three followed, I worried about death.
 When one is about to come loose, I am anxious and fearful
 Since forked teeth are awkward with food,
 and in dread I tilt my face to rinse my mouth.
 Eventually it will abandon me and drop, just like a landslide.
 By now the falling out is old hat, each tooth goes just like the others.
 Fortunately I have about twenty left. One by one they will go in order.
 If one goes each year, I have enough to last two decades.
 Actually it does not make much difference, if they go together or separately.
 People say when teeth fall out, your life is fading.
 I say life has its own end; long life, short life, we all die.
 People speak of the gaps in my teeth, and all gaze at me in shock.
 I quote Zhuangzi's story—a tree and a wild goose each has its advantages,
 and though silence is better than slurring my words
 and though I can not chew, at least soft foods taste good
 and I can sing out this poem to shock my wife and children.





Adrift

by Tu Fu (712-770)

As I row upstream past a tower, the boat
glides into its shadow. Even this far
west, the stately pines of Ch'eng-tu's
widespread villages continue. And beyond,

out there in untouched country, autumn
colors heighten cold clarity. Mountain
snows bleached in its glare, sunlight
conjoins exquisite rainbows among clouds.

Children play along both banks. And though
nets and arrows are put away, the days' take
taken, where ever lotus and chestnut remains
lie scattered, the roadside bustle goes on.

The fish are all scaled, but lotus-root
covered with mud sits unwashed. Nothing
changes with us. Craving delicate beauty,
we avoid the thick squalor of things.

Over my village: scattered clouds, lovely
twilight. Here, roosting hens settle in.
Each departure like any other, where is
my life going in these isolate outlands?

Fresh moonlight falls across my clothes. It
ascends ancient walls dusted with frost.
Thick wine ready to drink since time began,
war drums break loose east in the city.



Burnt Sienna

Deep Roasted Pigment



Milled and Ground
in the Finest Tradition
of Italian Paints.

IT'S NATURAL PBR7—NOT FROM SYNTHETIC!

Lock the Clock!



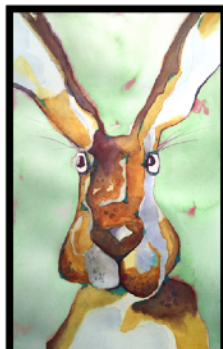
End DayLight Savings Time!

Mail your unwanted
clocks to Washington DC
to express your disdain.

Senate Office Building
o/c The Honorable 100
United States Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510



Place
Stamp
Here



Can You Paint This Picture?



Dear QC Watercolor Society,

Yes! Please send me information about becoming
a QC member today!

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____ zip code _____

Then You Are In Demand!

Do you like to sketch and draw? Dabble in watermedia paints? Have excess money to blow on a meaningless art society membership? Then join us at the QC Watercolor Society today! Band together with fellow artists and transform yourself into the artist that you always wanted to be! Paint and draw as much as you like—we don't care. Just send us your money, then delight in bragging to others that you're one of us. It's that simple! Just send us your money! Today!